7.

A TRUE ACCOUNT

FROM

CHICHESTER,

Concerning the DEATH of

Habin the Informer.

Whom, contrary to all Truth, Two Infamous and Impudent Lyars, have publiſhed to be barbarouſly Murdered: One affirming it to be done by the Diſſenters at *Chicheſter*: The other, by the Coachman of *Richard Farington*, Eſq;

With a Relation of the moſt Malicious Deſign to make Mr. *Farington* himſelf guilty of the ſaid pretended Murder.

Publiſhed for the ſake of Truth.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Pool.* 1682.

TO THE
READER.

THIS Narrative had never been expos'd to publick view, had not two notorious *Sons* of the *Father* of Lies, more than once moſt falſly, and with unmatchable impudence publiſhed two late accidents at *Chicheſter*; The one concerning the Biſhops horſe, or horſes, as kill'd by the Diſſenters there; and as to one of them, to try a ſtrange and unheard-of experiment with reſpect to *Fire-balls*. But whether one or both of them be ſo killed, it muſt be judg'd as a malicious Maſſacring (to uſe the *Obſervators* term) of the Biſhop in *Effigie*. I muſt confeſs I never heard of a horſe, or any brute creature before, to be ſaid to be Maſſacred; But I have heard and read of the *Pariſian* and *Iriſh* Maſſacre; and it is neither improbable, nor incredible, that that *ſtrange* and Monſtrous Lier, who was forced not long ſince to abſcond when credible Witneſſes were ready to prove before a Parliament, that he is a Papiſt, and impreſt with deep and indelible *Roman* Sanguinary Characters, ſhould uſe no other word than that, to expreſs the killing of beaſts by;

When men of that ſtamp, make no more conſcience of Maſſacring Proteſtants, and thoſe that profeſs the pure Reformed Chriſtian Religion, than of killing of brute creatures; and ſo he thinks it's equally applicable to both. And likely 'tis, he was, and continues to be ſo much a favourer of the Popiſh-Plot to Maſſacre Proteſtants, and that this hath been ſo often, and for ſo long a time revolv'd in his thoughts, that no other word but this could occur to him, when moſt falſly he would declare to the World that they were kill'd by ſuch a ſort of people.

As for the man that ſent into the World, the *Loyal Proteſtant, &c.* I ſhall ſay no more concerning him, but this; That if the Biſhops horſe had ſtood at the ſame time as a convicted forger of lies, in the Pillory, as he did, he would through ſhame (as a more generous creature, having a deep reſentment of that diſhonour), ſo pined away, and grown ſo meagre and lean in a little time, that no greaſe would have been found in his belly, if the *Chicheſter* Diſſenters had ript it open. And it is no abſurdity, according to the moſt deſervedly ſtigmatized mans ſenſe, to aſſert, that a beaſt might have undergone the Pillory-puniſhment with him as a legally convicted Criminal or Malefactor, ſeeing he makes ſo happy and witty (though unheard of before) a conjunction and connection of the killing of the Biſhops horſe, with that of reaſonable creatures; as if horſes were of the ſame Species, and capable of Government by the ſame Laws, that rational Beings in this World, are.

Had we not read and heard of, and known many grand and ſhameleſs lyars beſides theſe two, I ſhould have concluded them to be the firſt begotten of him

who

who is a *Lyar*, as well as a *Murderer* from the beginning.

I will not now trouble my ſelf, nor ſpend my time, to take all their audacious and falſe reports aſunder, and make an Anſwer to every part thereof. But this I will offer to them, and to all the World, as a moſt fair and inexceptionable thing, That whereas theſe two *bundles* of *Lies*, brag and boaſt much of their Authentick and credible Intelligence from *Chicheſter*, as the ground and Warrant of what they Print concerning the killing of the Biſhops Horſe, or Horſes, and the pretended bloody Murder of the Informer *Habin*; That if they will publiſh the Names of them that ſend it to them, I will produce, *fide digni*, many more perſons, who upon Oath either before the King and his Council, or in any Court of Judicature where His Majeſty ſhall be pleaſed to appoint the Examination of this matter, ſhall make good and prove the verity of the enſuing Relation.

The Reaſon why it way publiſhed no ſooner, is, That I, to whom it was ſent, judg'd it was moſt convenient to ſee how far theſe two Enemies to Truth would proceed in their lying Relations; that ſo a plenary and complete Anſwer thereto might be made at once, to undeceive and ſatisfie all ſober and honeſt men, of what perſwaſion ſoever, in whom they have been ſo induſtrious to create a belief of the truth of that which is moſt falſe.

I would have the Reader to obſerve ſome things remarkable concerning this *Habin: Firſt*, That he was ſo profligate a wretch, and ſo prodigiouſly wicked, that he made no Conſcience of committing the ſin of Perjury: For he ſwore, That two or three perſons

perſons brake Captain *Ricklies* Windows in *Chicheſter*, that never were among the young men that brought the Pope before his door; by vertue whereof they were Convicted as Rioters, and brought into great trouble. And 'tis ſaid, and (if I miſtake not) can be proved, That he was the man that broke them. *Secondly*, That he, with his brother *Haſted*, ſwore, That a Miniſter Preached at *Stockbridg*, near *Chicheſter*, where the Diſſenters meet every Lords-day; when I dare be bold to affirm, That they were never nearer to the place, than it is from the *Exchange* in *London*, to the *Bridge*: and ſo could not poſſibly either ſee, or hear a Miniſter Preach: Upon which a Conviction was made. And this they continued to ſwear, in order to ſuch Convictions for ſeveral Lords-days, till Divine Juſtice arreſted and ſeiſed him in the very ſame day wherein for a long time he had acted ſo wickedly and villanouſly. *Thirdly*, Whereas *N. T.* ſtiles him a Gentleman; he was ſo far from that, that no man upon earth can be more infamous, and farther from one. I deſpiſe no man for his poverty; but when deep poverty, and high iniquity meet in one man, it renders him moſt infamous and deſpicable. I know there are many true Gentlemen, not only by their Birth (whom I always rank among the moſt inferior of that kind, when abſtracted and ſeparate from what follows) but by their Breeding and Education, which doth truly enoble their minds, by the innate generoſity of their own Spirits. But none of theſe can be predicated of this *Subject*, he being but the ſink, the ſcum, an excreſcene, or if I may ſo ſpeak, the very Excrement of Humane Nature. By his Employment he was a common

mon Bayliff, before he was an Informer; and ſo grand a Rogue in the management thereof, that none in the Country was thought to equalize him, but his brother (in all Villany and iniquity) *Haſted*: And had not Death prevented, he would e're long have been made ſo to appear to the World, he being put into the *Crown-Office* for many prodigious Enormities and Rogueries, and would certainly have been proſecuted for the above-mention'd Perjury, when a convenient time ſhould have happen'd for it.

I will not undertake to be a bold and infallible Interpreter of Gods Providences (they being a Deep that the ſhort line of Humane Reaſon cannot ſound the bottom of, and fathom); yet as we are reaſonable Creatures, falling under the Conduct and Government thereof, ſo we are bound to obſerve them, and keeping within the bounds of modeſty, endeavour to pick out the ſenſe and meaning of them, and to know what they point at. And it is not unworthy of our obſervation, That as this Helliſh Miſcreant, and Mirrour of all impiety, had perjur'd himſelf concerning the breaking of Captain *Bickleys* Glaſs-Windows, ſo his real breaking of the Windows of another perſon (that ne're injur'd or did him wrong), ſhould prove the occaſion of his Death, and that Death ſhould hurry him into Eternity, and to Judgment, on the Lords-day, which he ſo much prophan'd, and particularly, by being ſo much in the Ale-houſe, when he ſhould have been in Gods-houſe; and diſturbing thoſe that would ſerve and worſhip God, while he did ſo much neglect the ſame. He was unexpectedly driven away that day, by Death, in his wickedneſs, and had no time given him to repent. Let *Haſted*, his brother, beware, leſt

Divine

Divine Vengeance do not ſpeedily overtake him, and Death ſuddenly, as a grim and inexorable *Serjeant*, arreſt him, and irreſiſtibly drag his reluctating wretched guilty Soul before the *Tribunal* of Gods ſovereſt Juſtice.

THE

THE

Chichester ACCOUNT:

OR,

A Faithful RELATION of the DEATH of *HABIN* the INFORMER there, &c.

THE unhappy Accident which lately fell out in this place, and the more unhappy improvement that we perceive some virulent Minds and Pens make thereof, puts us under a necessity thus to publish to the World the naked and impartial Truth of that whole matter.

About Nine or Ten Weeks since, for the more effectual suppressing of the Conventicles here, two persons were imployed as *Informers*, the one called *Richard Habin*, the other *Henry Hasted*. These persons posted themselves every Sunday upon a publick Road, which leads by the Door of one of the Conventicles, and took the Names of such as they thought fit that passed upon that Road, and that were either going to, or coming from the place where the Conventicle was kept; and afterward did carry their Lists to some Justices, and make Oath,

That such persons were at the Conventicle; and Warrants issued out, by Virtue of that Conviction, to the Constables, to levy the distress, which accordingly they have done on many. But our business is not to accuse the Methods of their Proceedings, tho somewhat extraordinary, and what the Law it self doth not command. We only wish, That persons not so notoriously scandalous, and such as had been less subject to exceptions, had been imployed in this work.

But to keep to our matter: This Trade they continued till Sunday the *6th* of *August*, on which day *Hasted* wore a Sword, and drew it on some Boys as they were going on the Road, struck at them, and cut their Cloaths. But upon the Boys taking up stones, and threatning to stone him, if he sheathed not his Sword again, he did return his Sword into its Scabbard: At which *Habin* was so angry, that he would have had the Sword from *Hasted*, swearing he would hew the Boys in pieces with it: but *Hasted* would not let him have it, tho he, as well as *Habin*, were both most miserably drunk with *Brandy*.

The Boys seeing this savage and barbarous fierceness of *Habin*, threw some stones at him, and with one of them hit him, and break his head: Upon which, *Habin* entring in at the Gate of the City, next to which Mr. *Farington* dwelleth, upp'd with his stick, and cried out, *Farington* should pay for all; and with that saying, struck and brake his Parlor-Window, Mr. *Farington* and Three other Gentlemen being in the Room. But Mr. *Farington* knowing there were many that sought occasion to ensnare him, and believing this affront was done him on purpose to provoke him to repay it with some passionate Behaviour, would not so much as open his Window, or wag out of the Room.

Mr. *Farington*'s Coach-man being unhappily abroad in the street, and seeing this abuse to his Masters House, went to *Habin*, and asked what he mean'd by it? who answer'd him only by holding up, and shaking his Cudgel at the Coach-man. Whereupon the Coachman immediately clapp'd within *Habin*, struck up his heels, took away his stick, and with it hit him four or five blows over the Pate, and so left him. After which, *Habin* rose up, and went away to the

Mayor's,

Mayor's, and missing the *Mayor*, to another Justice, to complain; and then to the *Bishop's* Palace; where, it is said, he mended his Draught; and after his Head was dressed, was carried by the Bishop's Servants, and laid in the Stable, where in two hours time he either died, or was so dead drunk, that he was taken for dead. However, he was presently laid on a Bier, carried up to the High Cross, and from thence to the *Town-Hall*; where a *Coroner's* Inquest was immediately impannell'd, and found *Habin* Murdered, and the Coach-man the Murtherer, before ever (as many do believe) *Habin* was quite dead.

Nay, It is the universal opinion of this City, That if his Lordships Servants had not used this poor Wretch more like a Beast than a Man; but had, instead of lugging him into a cold Stable, laid him in a warm Bed, got him to be let Blood, and to have had other Remedies applied proper to his Condition, *Habin* might, for any Mortal hurt he had, have been alive at this day. But to expose him in this manner was enough to make him die, whether he would or no. And pray God all this hasty dispatch was not done with a design to do more mischief by his Death, than e're they could by his Life. For this is not the first Attempt that hath been made upon the Life and Fortune of Mr. *Farington*. But to return to our Relation: The Coach-man fled: And whether *Habin* was dead or no, we are sure he was buried.

Thus matters continued till the end of the Week, and every man was so convinc'd (from the multitude of Witnesses that saw the Fact), That instead of Murther, all men judg'd the poor Coach-man would have *Summum jus* to be found guilty of Man-slaughter. For, for a Servant, upon so high a provocation as the breaking his Masters House, to run up to the doer of the Injury, and in a passion to snatch away his stick, and lay it Four or Five times over his Ears, and it happening so that Death doth follow; to find such a Servant guilty of so much as Man-slaughter, inclines certainly rather towards severity, than clemency. But to talk of Murder, is such Non-sense, as you may as well call it Blasphemy as Murder: for it hath no one ingredient of Murder in it. For Murder must have malice fore-thought:

Then a lying in wait, or ſeeking all occaſions to execute the Malice: and then Weapons or Inſtruments fit to ſet home that Malice to the Death of him to whom 'tis born. Neither of which can ſo much as pretendedly be faſtened upon this poor unfortunate Coach-man. And yet in the Proof of this matter, you will ſee, that not the Coach-man only, but his *Maſter* too, was ſtrongly endeavour'd to be brought in guilty of Murder.

For on *Saturday* Morning, the Recorder (who had been all this while abſent from the City) returned; and then the Lord Biſhop and he, cauſed *Habin*'s Grave to be opened, the Coroners Inqueſt to be new ſummoned to the Biſhops Palace, and to be new ſworn again, *ſuper viſum Corporis*, with a higher aim now, and not to much to make the Man as the Maſter the Murderer, for commanding his Man to do it. In order hereunto, one *Creſſingham* was gotten to ſwear, That he ſaw Mr *Farington* look out at his Window and bid his Man beat *Habin* ſoundly. But the Jury on inquiry could not find any body that ſaw *Creſſingham* ſo much as in the ſtreet where the Fact was committed. Nor could *Creſſingham* name any perſon that he ſaw there, tho the ſtreet was full of people, ſave only one, and he proved ſo far from being in the ſtreet, that unluckily he did not ſo much as riſe from his Bed all that day, till after the Fact was done, as both himſelf, and ſeveral others did teſtifie.

Nay, divers affirm, That *Creſſingham* was aſleep at his Mothers Houſe, in another quarter of the City, when this unfortunate Fact was done; and that *Creſſingham* roſe not up till it was told him what the Coach man had done to *Habin*. And among the reſt, *Creſſingham*'s own Mother aver'd to Nine or Ten ſubſtantial perſons, That if her Son had ſworn he ſaw the Fact, he was a forſworn Rogue, for that he was aſleep at her Houſe till ſome Neighbours came in, and told him that *Habin* was dead; tho ſome ſay, That after old *Gooddy Creſſingham* had been invited and Dined with the Biſhop, ſhe began to mince her Confeſſion as much as ſhe could. And *Creſſingham*'s Mothers Houſe is at utterly out of ſight of any thing done at Mr. *Farington*'s Door, as if it ſtood in *Cheapſide*. Wherefore after they had lock'd

up

up the Inquest in the *Bishop's* Palace from Eleven of the Clock till Four, and none permitted to go to them but whom the Bishop pleased; nay some of the *Jury* threatned by the Bishop, that if they did not find *Farington* Guilty, he would have them before the King and Council: Yet notwithstanding the *Inquest* were of opinion to acquit Mr. *Farington*, unless *Crossingham's* Testimony was supported by some other. The Cause being thus just ready to fall, they desired the Inquest to Adjourn till Eight of the Clock on Monday, which accordingly they did, and by that time further Evidence should be gotten.

To have Evidence to get on *Saturday* night, that must be used on *Monday* Morning, one would think requires great dexterity to gain them; and yet that Night a little Prentice-Boy, of about 13 or 14 years old, was haled away from his Masters House by two *Publicans* before the *Mayor* and the *City-Justices*, where we will not say by what Arts he was made, and made to Swear that he saw both Mr. *Farington* and *Crossingham* too, when *Habin* was Beat. But of this we are sure, that when the Boy was called before the Inquest, he better remembred himself, and did upon his Oath deny that he saw Mr *Farington* there, or *Crossingham* either; and yet afterwards the Boy was prevailed upon to unswear that: and to swear that he saw *Crossingham* there, but not Mr *Farington*: Some honest-minded people bid the Lad as he went by them, to consider what he Swore, and to be sure to Swear the truth; which made his Mother run up and down like one mad, raving and crying, *My Son shall Swear for the Lord Bishop, My Son shall Swear for the Lord Bishop; I would not for* ten pound *but he should Swear for my Lord bishop: For I have the most part of my Livelyhood from my Lord.* Which furious passion in the Woman made People stare and wonder at her, and the Bishop both; and raised more doubts in mens minds, than it is convenient to mention. For if *English* Ears hear any Body to Swear upon such occasions for any others but for the King and Truth, they straight grow jealous, and fear foul play.

The Inquest being greatly dissatisfied in their Judgments concerning the Evidence that *Crossingham* and the Boy had given, as disagreeing with each other, and neither of them well agreeing with themselves; and having a Cloud of other Credible Substantial

stantial and Unsuspected Witnesses, that saw all the Action from first to last, whose Testimony seemed more Concurrent and Agreeable to Reason; The Jury like discreet Men, and such as were willing to search every thing to find out the Truth, Resolved they would go and view the place themselves where this accident happened, which accordingly they did, and found that in the place where *Cressingham* Swore he stood when he saw Mr. *Farington* look out at the Window, and commanded his man to beat *Habin*, it was utterly impossible for *Cressingham* or any Man else to see Mr. *Farington* (or any other) look out at the Window. So that returning to the Town-hall, (where the Jury that day sate) fully satisfied, they would not hear any more Witnesses (though a great many more were present, and offered themselves to Swear), but immediately gave in their Verdict, wherein every man did acquit Mr. *Farington*. It appearing to them by the Oaths of Persons (against whom there was no exception) that Mr. *Farington* was so far from commanding his man to beat *Habin*, that he was Extreamly angry with his man for doing of it. Thus ended this matter.

The next day this young Apprentice was taken from his Master, by the Bishop, into his House; Whether for fear the Boy should blab the Threats and Arts that have been exercised on him, to draw him to do what he did; or to be better instructed in the new and modish science now in fashion, they best know that did it; tho the Boys Mother doth give out already, that her Son shall yet Swear for my Lord Bishop against Mr. *Farington* for all this: We only can say, that this we are sure of from several honest Persons, that the Child did nothing but Cry, and say he was threatned to Swear what he did, till Mr. *Farington* was acquitted; and that then he did nothing but leap and express an high passion of joy for it; and if upon his coming under his Lordships Roof, the Boy assumed another nature, 'tis only a proof, that miracles are not ceased.

Cressingham the Witness was formerly a Chorister; but having not honesty enough to continue in the Office (which generally doth not require over-much) he was expell'd the Quire, and is now so indigent and Infamous, that his Credit will not pass for *Twelve pence*; whether he be to be restored on this performance,

formance, or that he is to succeed *Habin* in the Office of an Informer; Or that some other way is to be found out to reward his merit in this matter, time must shew.

In the mean while all Wise and Sober Men wonder exceedingly, that my Lord Bishop would meddle (with such eager and vehement concern) in a Sanguinary Case, from which by Law that great Dignity is Exempted; and do think that his Lordship had better consulted the honour of the Church, and his own Reputation also, if he had shewed himself more cool and temparate in this matter. For though my Lord hath a very great kindness for Sir *John Farington* (Mr. *Farington*'s Brother) yet to shew it so mightily upon such odd occasions, hath done no great Service to his Lordship, nor Sir *John* neither. For people do publickly say, That *sub dio*, or in the Church Porch whitherto all persons might freely resort, had been a much more proper place for a Coroner's Inquest to have sate, than under Lock and Key in a Bishops Palace; especially too in such a Palace where the Bishop and his Predecessors have denied themselves to be within the Liberty of the City, and refused to pay their Poors Tax; whereupon many Suits and Differences have arose.

Wherefore upon the whole, we judg all men will see as little reason to lay this Accident on Mr. *Farington*, as some Gentlemen had to lay the wounding of his Lordships Coach-horses, on our Dissenters. For the Horses were at Grass seven Miles distant from this City, and in all probability were Goared by some of the fatting Gattel among which they fed. For besides, that it is contrary to the common Charity which Christianity obligeth us to have for all men, to believe so ill of any without some proof: So is it also manifestly opposite to Reason to credit, that if any mans Rage and Malice should have carried him so many Miles to have mischiefed his Lordships Horses, that he would not have done it throughly, and kill'd them on the spot, rather than to have given them such slight wounds as every silly Smith could Cure; for be it known to the World, his Lordships Horses are alive again, and as well as ever, and the Persons that wrought their Cure would think themselves jeered to be called by so much as the Name of *Farriers*.

'Tis

'Tis true, there was an Oath about to have been made by a Right *Irish* Evidence, That one Mr. *Neveill* had wounded his Lordships Horses. But just then hearing that the Gentleman was above Fifty Miles distant from the place, he held his blow, and we have unluckily miss'd that able Testimony; yet we are so far from having that uncharitable thought, that this person had any particular Malice in his Oath against Mr. *Neveill*, that we do believe in our Consciences that for a *Guinney* more he would have Swore the *Morocco Embassador* had done it; and we do also believe that if he had Sworn so, he had said as much Truth, as any of those Gentlemen that have published that matter. And so much for the Horses.

But lest any should think that we speak this in favour of *Dissenters*, we must crave leave to say, That we are, and are known to be for the Church of *England*; and could heartily wish that Dissenters would leave off Conventicling, and come to Church; as on the other hand we could also wish that there were less bitterness in our Pulpits to invite them thither, and that our little dapper *Clergy-Wights* would not keep such a Whigling, nor give them so just occasion from their ill prating and worse living, to keep from them: For this we may say for our Dissenters, That abate their fault of not coming to Church, they are dutiful and peaceable to the Government, and friendly and neighbourly to their fellow Subjects; and in the general conduct of their Conversation, of very good Morals.

This is the true and candid Account of this Matter; to all which if you add the Bishops displeasure against Mr. *Farrington* for Managing the Suits of his Parish against him, and the Recorders rage for his being chosen a Parliament-man for this City, and the mighty dearness that is between both them and Sir *John Farington*, and you will be so far from wondering that so industrious a Venom was laid out against him, that you will rather admire that any Innocency could preserve him. But God be thanked, to the great joy of this City, we can apply the Words of the Royal Prophet, *The Snare is broken, and he is delivered.*

FINIS.

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